

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Get vaccinated.

"J. N." is immortal!

November's chilly blasts.

The ice trade is dull. Too late.

Whisky punches are now in order.

"Contraction Punch" is now the

popular drink with the Rads.

The hum of the wood saw is now

heard in the land.

The educational department of the

Register appears weekly.

Where! Oh, where is the immortal

J. N.

Cold weather is a destroyer to single

cussedness.

Wanted immediately—all the money

due us on subscription.

The young ladies of Eaton look

charming in their new fall styles.

Poor Dog Tray had enough friends

to save him at the last election.

Will the spelling mania, like the

epizootic, break out again this winter?

Indications of revivals appear in

some of our churches.

Good winter apples \$4.25 to \$4.50

per barrel.

The real estate market has been on

the decline for the past two weeks.

The freaks of the weather puts one

out altogether. Summer-to-day, winter

to-morrow.

If it wasn't for J. N. some of our

country exchanges would be short of

locals.

The dog is still free to roam at

large and kill all the nation he can

get at.

Put your faith in Providence and

your advertisements in the Demo-

crat.

Surely farmers can't complain of

not having agreeable weather for their

fall work.

Since dogs are not to be taxed, bo-

logna sausage will remain at the old

price.

The Steam Flouring Mill in Eaton

is finished, and commences operating

this week. Bring in your grain.

"Leaves have their time to fall, and

flowers to wither at the north winds

breath," and that time has come.

The newest feminine shoe has an

open instep to reveal the fancy ho-

siery.

Girls, if you wish to enjoy consti-

tutional liberty, don't wear a pull-back

dress.

Hayes has been elected. Yet we

notice that quite a number of mort-

gages in this county are getting ready

to be foreclosed.

"Remember the poor printer" and

consider how many treasures you

may lay up in heaven by paying what

you owe him.

The best paper now issued is the

greenbacks signed by Treasurer New.

It is not on our exchange list, how-

ever.

You can look out for a winter

which will head shade trees double

and freeze the life out of hatching

posts.

A cracking fire—pan of apples—

girls anxious to be loved—old folks

dreaming—ah! who said he wanted

summer to last a thousand years?

We will pay a "rag baby" or "cab-

bage leaves" as a Thanksgiving Tur-

key, or accept of a donation for the

humble poor!

County jails will be filled up this

winter. Tramps will be as thick as

ambrosial fairs, and thefts as fre-

quent as requests for alms.

There is one thing that causes the

heart of the poor man to rejoice these

hard times, and that is the fact that

potatoes are plenty and cheap.

Now is the time for weather prophe-

cies to feel the bark on their dogs. If

it is thick on the north side of the

dog, it will be a cold winter and he

will howl much at night.

A young lady asked a young man

in a music store, "Have you happy

dreams?" He was astonished when he

replied, "No, ma'am, I'm mostly trou-

bled with the nightmare."

As apples are not very plenty this

season, and a high price, the citizen

in moderate circumstances will have

to content himself with the juicy tur-

rup, which seems to be plenty.

The roosters in a Democratic print-

ing office, this fall, seem to be useless

pieces of furniture. We therefore of-

fer our souls for sale, or will leave them

For the Eaton Democrat.

FOURTH.

A fair, sweet face with a smile

The saintly day lay over,

As if it were but a little while,

Perhaps an hour before,

Since life in all its glory died

Such scenes as this we never see,

And that young heart that now is still,

And warmer that marble brow.

A deity rubs away her form,

And she looks but a little old,

A little gloved with living warm

Who knows how long she'll last?

Because closely one small hand;

But see! the other holds

A golden kernel, "neath the hand

Of youth's warm, gentle touch."

What grief has preyed upon that mind

So great that it could thus be told?

Induced such childlike form to find

Hearts that the waves a tomb?

Perhaps she roams a homeless waif

And found no helping arm;

No place where ever free and safe,

She sits in her lone and bare.

Or was her home some mansion hall

Where beauteous decks each room,

From garrets to the princely hall

As soaring through the dome?

Mayhap some Lancet's eye and hand

A feeble path had played;

Nor dreams how soon all still and cold

In death that form is laid.

Borne to the morgue, no name is found,

No mark to which we wish to go,

Whether that brain was weak or sound,

Or why so sad she lay.

Whether a maiden pure and good

Or one who had been true and good

Wearing drooping clothes and food

On a pillow's side.

Whether an erring outcast,

Who sought her shame to hide

By spending out her gloomy ray,

Beneath the silent sky.

Whether it was all now is over,

And ought not to be so;

Or her last act was her true—

Such things to God belong.

EDITH TREVELYN.

(Written for the Eaton Democrat.)

Eaton in August 1826—Eaton in

August 1875.

In 1826 Eaton contained less than

half the population that it does now.

Then the streets, side walks and alleys

were unimproved. The old Court

House stood on the public square, with

the doors permissively left open, and

the sheep often ventured into the forum

of justice. Joshua Collett, was Chief

Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

Joseph C. Hawkins, Clerk, and John A.

Hawkins, Sheriff. Walter Buell, Sta-

pleman, and John Worland kept bar-

ter, and Cornelius Vanaunder, Hen-

ry Monfort and John Clippard, sold

goods, wares and merchandise. Alex-

ander Mitchell and Thomas Morgan

were cabinet makers and worked on

Barron and Main streets. Asa W.

Maloy made winnow chairs, and David

Shanklin little wheels. Stephen Long

carried on the tanning business, where

Martin Rheasms is now engaged in the

same trade. Philip Helm and John

Gent were saddlers and harness

makers, and had their shops on west

Main street. William Watt had a

carding machine on the south side of

east Main street. Walter Buell and Jesse

Paranore, were the principle physicians,

at David F. Heaton and Lazarus Mil-

ler, the principle lawyers. Isaac

Stephens was Justice of the Peace. Re-

corder, and one of the common pur-

pose men of the town and county.

William Brice, the proprietor of the

town had a grist mill and a carding

machine, connected with a fulling mill,

near the south western limits of the

town. Colonel John Acton and John

Gardner carried on the hatching busi-

ness, the one on the south side of west

Main street, and the other on the east

side of south Barron street. John

Smith and his mother had a bakery, on

the north side of Main street, nearly

opposite to the present site of the Court

House. The old jail stood on the south

side of the public square, and was par-

tially under ground, on the alley, and

the jailer lived above. The public

square was enclosed by an old board

fence, with no shrubbery or trees,

and the south side, adjoining the alley,

was an elevated bluff, and irregular in

surface.

The old red hipped roof school house

stood on the present school lot, on north

Barron street, and the locality in that

part of town was partially cleared, but

the school lot was not then enclosed.

The widow Andrews, then lived across

the street on the lot now occupied by

church appeared to be the general re-

sort for all, which they quietly ac-

cepted and lodged in the sanctuary

during the night. At times of public

service the house had to be washed out

and cleaned for the occasion, and when

the meeting ended, the sheep returned

for the lot was unincluded, and the

house being public property, there was

no one to take care of it, when not in

use.

The Presbyterian church then stood

where it now stands upon a lot donated

by the proprietor of the town, for reli-

gious purposes, and the old frame Meth-

odist church stood upon the lot where

the proprietor for similar purposes.

These were the church facilities in

Eaton in 1826. The Christian denomina-

tion, or New Lights, was then large-

ly in the ascendancy; and its ministry

was able and missionary in its bearings.

Its popular ministers then were Barton

Stone, David L. Vanuier, William Kin-

caid, Caleb Worley at George S. Miller,

and were men of great piety and

while they lived the church prospered,

but when they died, it went into de-

cline. The members lost the spirit; some

back-slided and others drifted away.

Other denominations sprang up and

prospered on the down-fall of the

"New Lights," as they were called.

Such was Eaton in 1826, and such

was the manners and customs of its

inhabitants, their educational and re-

ligious condition. No which to be con-

trasted with the present. The affairs of

the town, are now living, except John

Albright, Colonel Robert Quinn,

Mr. Kinney, Mr. Morgan, and Mr.

Patey Vanuier. Like so many aged

trees standing in a cleared landscape,

they still live as monuments of the

past.

In 1875 the town is largely developed;

its streets and alleys are graded; the

side walks paved; streets and alleys ex-

tended and the whole town site well

drained by proper sewerage. A new

Court House, the public square beauti-

fully shaded by young maple trees, the

old jail removed, and a new one of

modern style erected, and the entire